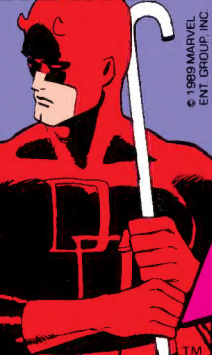


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CODE
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DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

INTRODUCING--
THE DECIDEDLY
DEADLY MENACE OF:
SHOTGUN!



JRJR
&
AW



*SHE WAS REARED, LIKE ANY
OTHER GIRL--IN A SEA OF MYTHS.*

*CINDERELLA MYTHS, SLEEPING
BEAUTY MYTHS, GLAMOUR
MYTHS, HOLLYWOOD MYTHS.*

*GLOSSY MAGAZINES PARADING
ENDLESS PERFECT FACES,
MANICURED FINGERS, WELL-
TURNED HEELS AND MEALS.*

*OVER-PAINTED LIPS POUTING
OUT FROM EVERY BILLBOARD,
FLICKERING ACROSS EVERY
MEDIA SCREEN.*

*THE PRESSURE TO BE PERFECT
WAS OVERWHELMING. SHE
DOESN'T REMEMBER SEEING
THE AD, TUCKED AWAY IN AN
OBSCURE MAGAZINE, PROMISING
THAT PERFECTION.*

*BECAUSE ONCE SHE ANSWERED
THAT AD, HER PAST LIFE, WITH
ITS FLAWS AND IMPERFECTIONS,
PASSED AWAY.*

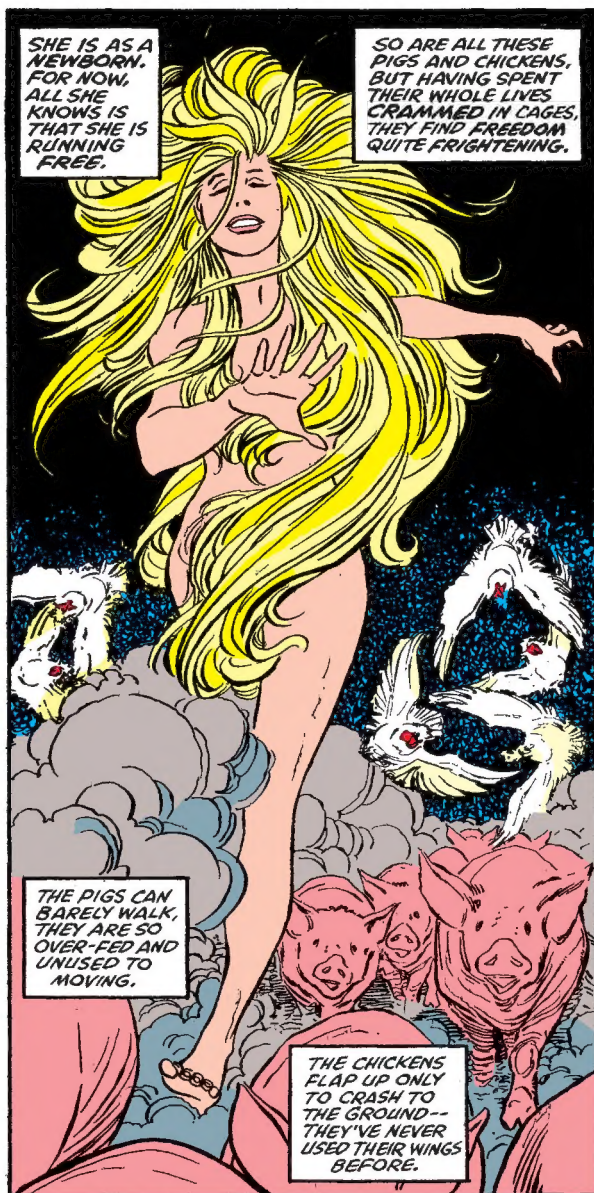
*THEY RE-DESIGNED
HER--PHYSICALLY,
GENETICALLY, MENTALLY.
SHE WAS MEANT TO BE
THE PERFECT GIRL, THE
PERFECT WIFE, COOK,
CONVERSATIONALIST,
MOTHER, SERVANT, THE
PERFECT DECORATION.*

*MORE MYTHS
WITH INSIDIOUS,
WELL-HIDDEN
FLAWS.*

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

LIBERATION

ANN NOCENTI JOHN ROMITA JR. AL WILLIAMSON JOE ROSEN MAX SCHEELE RALPH MACCHIO TOM DEFALCO
WRITER PENCILER INKER LETTERER COLORIST EDITOR EDITOR IN CHIEF

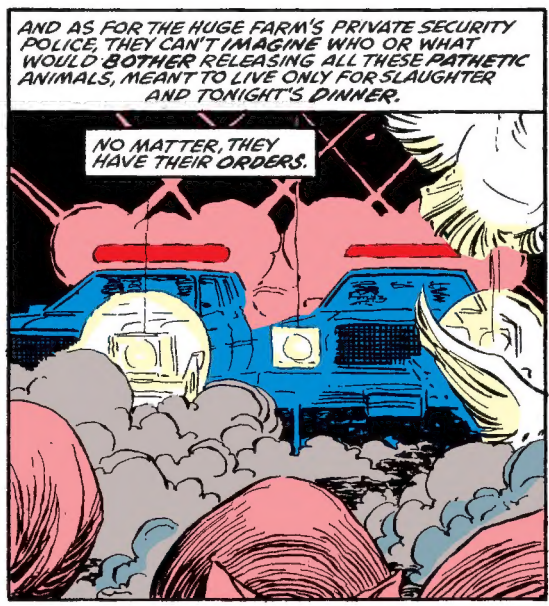


SHE IS AS A NEWBORN. FOR NOW, ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT SHE IS RUNNING FREE.

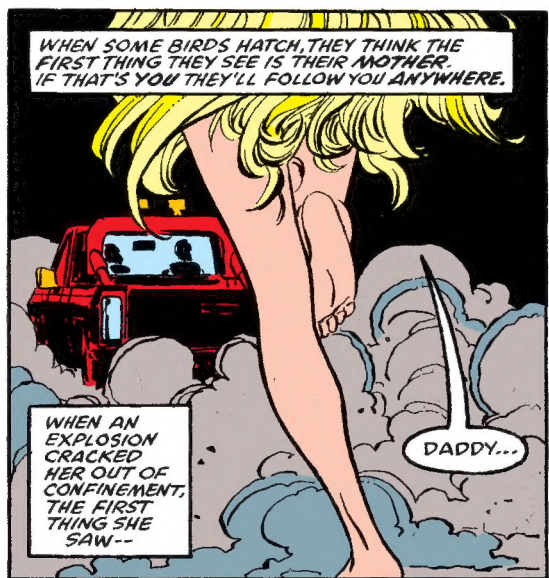
SO ARE ALL THESE PIGS AND CHICKENS, BUT HAVING SPENT THEIR WHOLE LIVES CRAMMED IN CAGES, THEY FIND FREEDOM QUITE FRIGHTENING.

THE PIGS CAN BARELY WALK, THEY ARE SO OVER-FED AND UNUSED TO MOVING.

THE CHICKENS FLAP UP ONLY TO CRASH TO THE GROUND-- THEY'VE NEVER USED THEIR WINGS BEFORE.



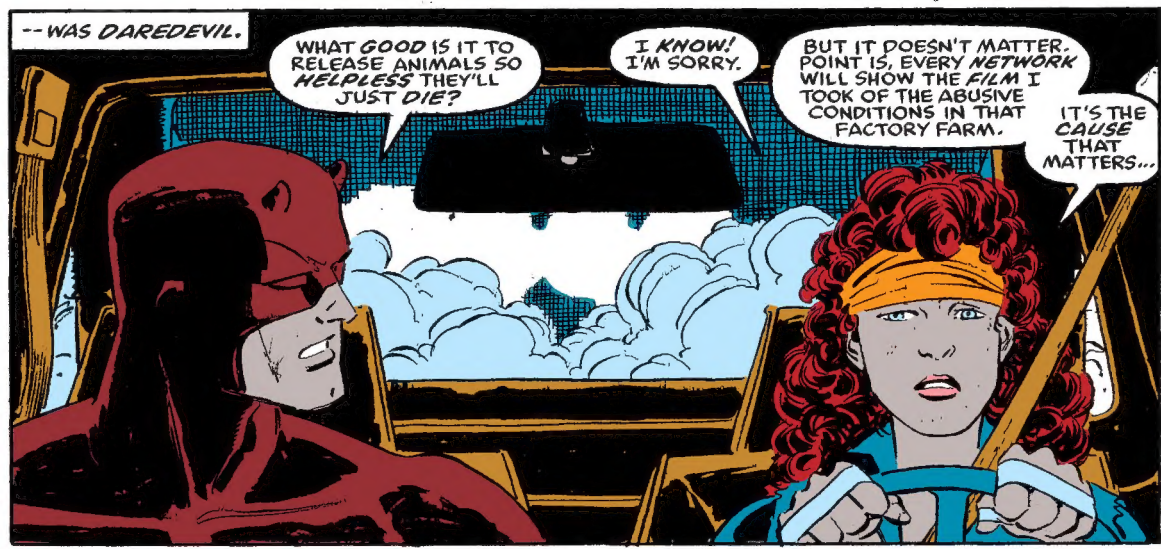
NO MATTER, THEY HAVE THEIR ORDERS.



WHEN SOME BIRDS HATCH, THEY THINK THE FIRST THING THEY SEE IS THEIR MOTHER. IF THAT'S YOU THEY'LL FOLLOW YOU ANYWHERE.

WHEN AN EXPLOSION CRACKED HER OUT OF CONFINEMENT, THE FIRST THING SHE SAW--

DADDY...



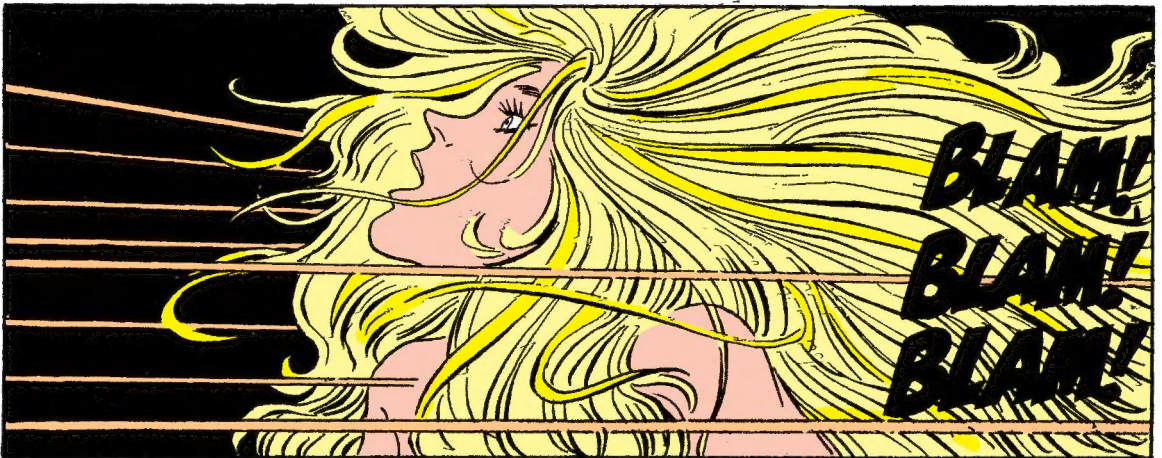
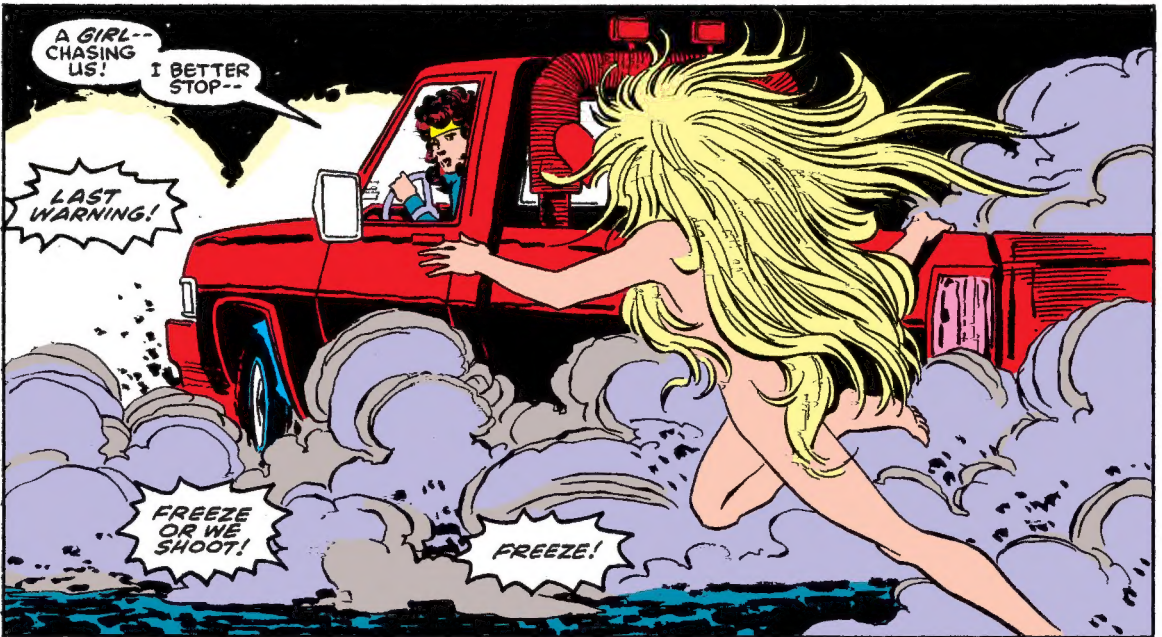
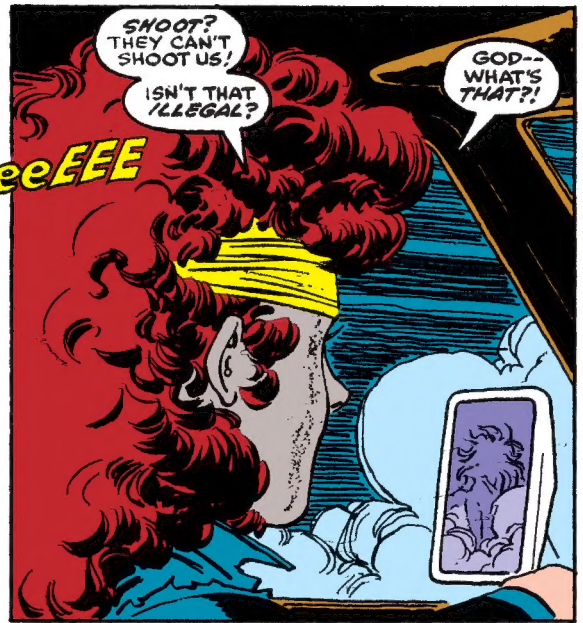
-- WAS DAREDEVIL.

WHAT GOOD IS IT TO RELEASE ANIMALS SO HELPLESS THEY'LL JUST DIE?

I KNOW! I'M SORRY.

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. POINT IS, EVERY NETWORK WILL SHOW THE FILM I TOOK OF THE ABUSIVE CONDITIONS IN THAT FACTORY FARM.

IT'S THE CAUSE THAT MATTERS...



THE BULLETS RIP THROUGH HER,
HER SCREAMS TEAR INTO THE NIGHT...

WHILE WE CAST OUR EYES
TOWARDS A FARAWAY MOON...

WHERE SEEDS ARE BEING CAST
THAT WILL EVENTUALLY COME
TO REST ON EARTH...

THE BLUE AREA OF THE MOON, ATTILAN--
HOME OF THE ROYAL INHUMANS!

WHAT
ARE YOU
STIFFS
STARING
AT!

HAVEN'T
YOU EVER
SEEN SOME-
ONE HAVING
A GOOD TIME
BEFORE?!

YES, THESE LOVELY
LADIES ARE DEAD!

DEAD DRUNK AND
WE HAD FUN
GETTING THERE!

SO QUIT GASPING AND
SIGNING IN SHOCK! THIS
IS YOUR FIRST ROYAL
LESSON IN FUN!

BECAUSE
IF THINGS
DON'T LIVE-
UP AROUND
THIS BORING--

GORGON!

WHAT IS
THIS, RUCKUS? YOU'RE
DRUNK!

MORE THAN
DRUNK!

I'M STEWED, SOUSED
PLASTERED, TRASHED!

I'M STINKING, BLISTERING,
ECSTATICALLY, PROUDLY,
ROYALLY DRUNK.

THIS IS A
ROYAL DRUNK!
WHAT OF IT?

HAVE YOU FOR-
GOTTEN YOUR
PLACE? YOU BRING
WOMEN INTO THE
ROYAL COURT? IN
FRONT OF THE
SERVANTS?!



THE THINGS
THAT RUN DEEP
IN BLACK
BOLT, RULER
OF THE IN-
HUMANS.

BLACK BOLT
RULES IN SILENCE,
FOR HE HAS A
VOICE, WHICH, IF
USED, SHATTERS
WHOLE WORLDS.

NO MATTER, HE HAS ALWAYS FOUND SILENCE
TO BE QUITE EFFECTIVE.

BOLT RULES BY
SYMBOL, BY
GESTURE.

HIS SILENCE IS
CHARGED, TENSE,
THICK.

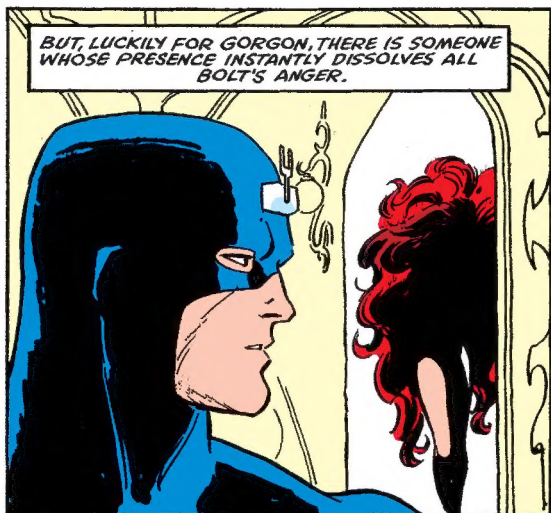
HIS GESTURE
IS SIMPLE.

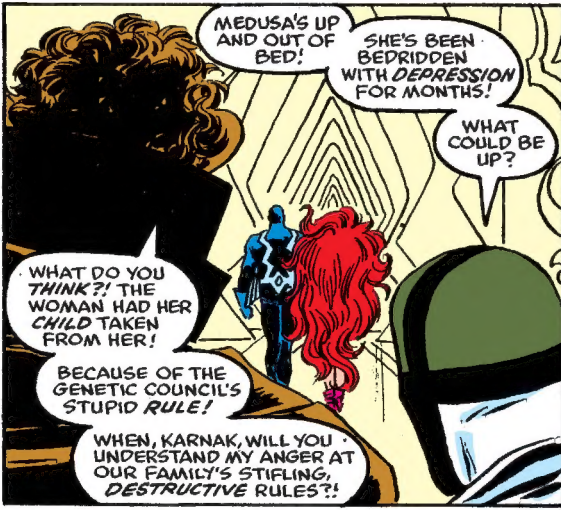
BUT TO GORGON, IT IS AS IF
HE HAD HIS OWN HEAD
HANDLED TO HIM.

HE IS
MORTIFIED.

BUT, LUCKILY FOR GORGON, THERE IS SOMEONE
WHOSE PRESENCE INSTANTLY DISSOLVES ALL
BOLT'S ANGER.

HIS WIFE, THE
ROYAL MEDUSA.





MEDUSA'S UP
AND OUT OF
BED!

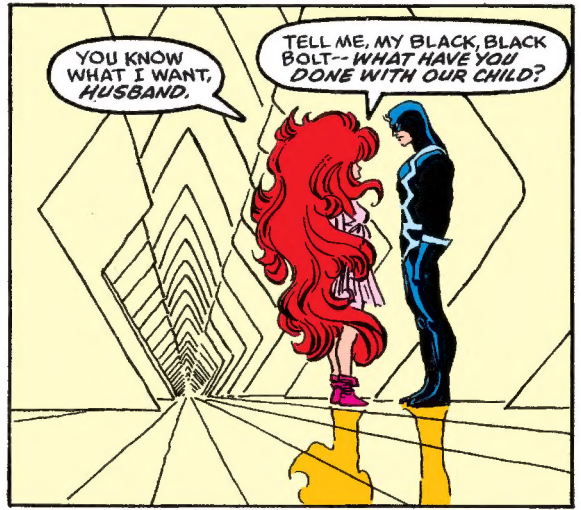
SHE'S BEEN
BEDRIDDEN
WITH DEPRESSION
FOR MONTHS!

WHAT
COULD BE
UP?

WHAT DO YOU
THINK?! THE
WOMAN HAD HER
CHILD TAKEN
FROM HER!

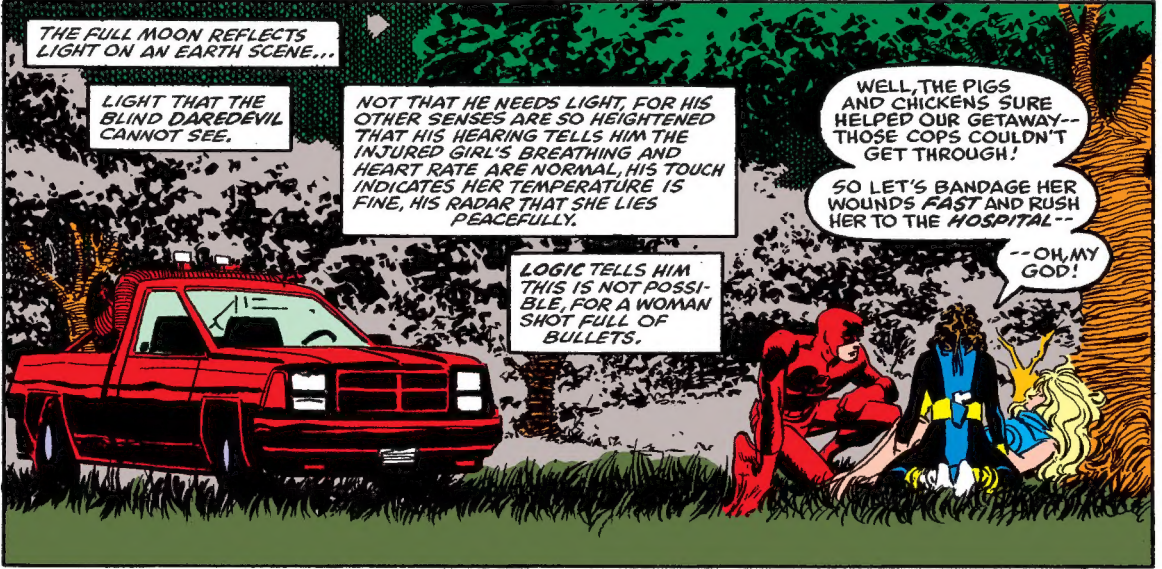
BECAUSE OF THE
GENETIC COUNCIL'S
STUPID RULE!

WHEN, KARNAK, WILL YOU
UNDERSTAND MY ANGER AT
OUR FAMILY'S STIFLING,
DESTRUCTIVE RULES?!



YOU KNOW
WHAT I WANT,
HUSBAND.

TELL ME, MY BLACK, BLACK
BOLT-- WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE WITH OUR CHILD?



THE FULL MOON REFLECTS
LIGHT ON AN EARTH SCENE...

LIGHT THAT THE
BLIND DAREDEVIL
CANNOT SEE.

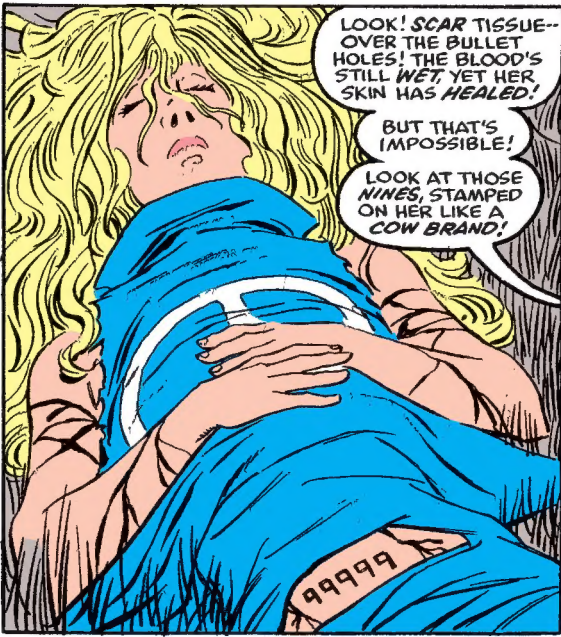
NOT THAT HE NEEDS LIGHT, FOR HIS
OTHER SENSES ARE SO HEIGHTENED
THAT HIS HEARING TELLS HIM THE
INJURED GIRL'S BREATHING AND
HEART RATE ARE NORMAL, HIS TOUCH
INDICATES HER TEMPERATURE IS
FINE, HIS RADAR THAT SHE LIES
PEACEFULLY.

LOGIC TELLS HIM
THIS IS NOT POSSI-
BLE, FOR A WOMAN
SHOT FULL OF
BULLETS.

WELL, THE PIGS
AND CHICKENS SURE
HELPED OUR GETAWAY--
THOSE COPS COULDN'T
GET THROUGH!

SO LET'S BANDAGE HER
WOUNDS FAST AND RUSH
HER TO THE HOSPITAL--

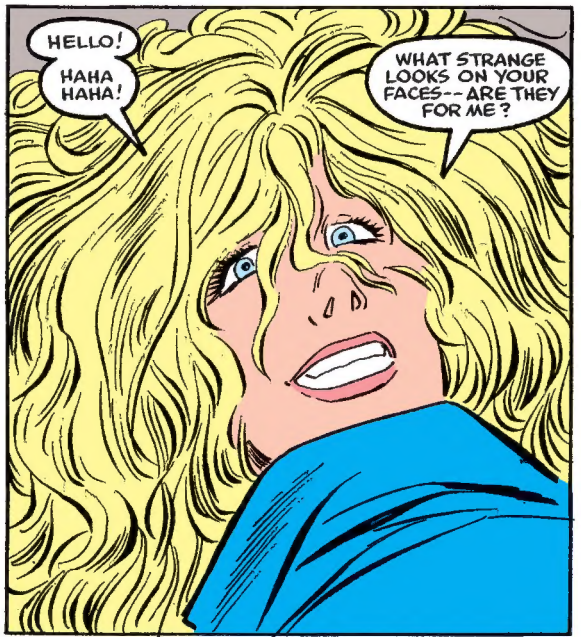
--OH, MY
GOD!



LOOK! SCAR TISSUE--
OVER THE BULLET
HOLES! THE BLOOD'S
STILL WET, YET HER
SKIN HAS HEALED!

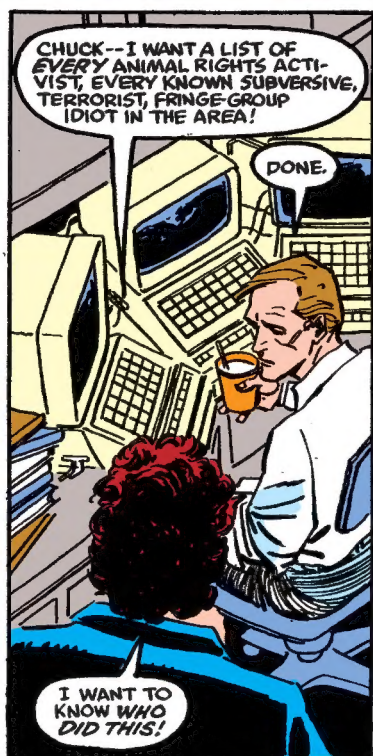
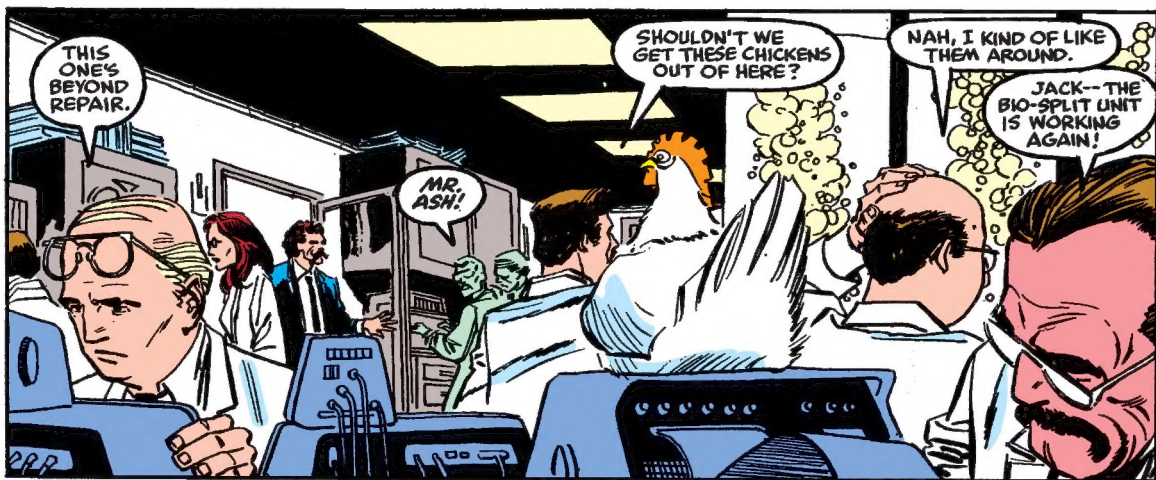
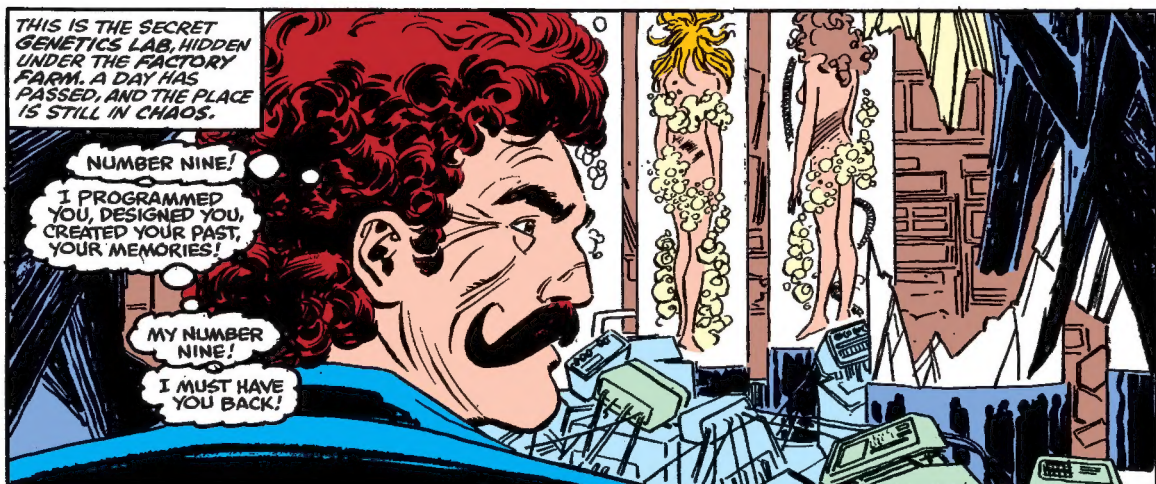
BUT THAT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

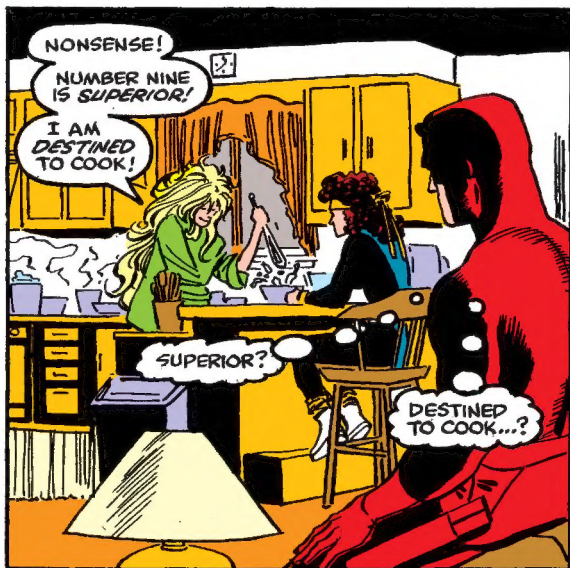
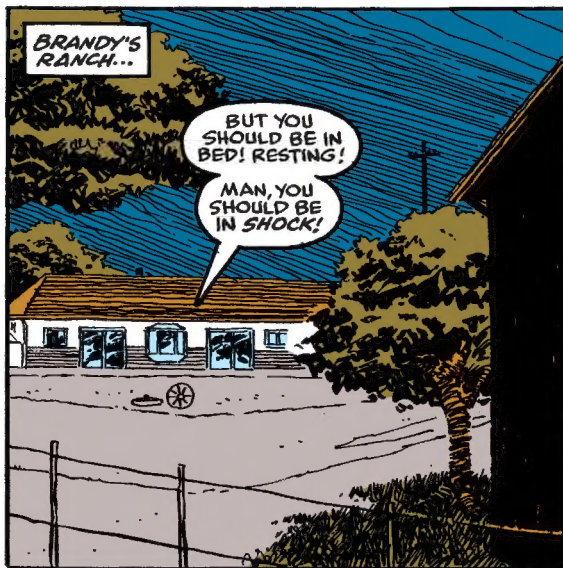
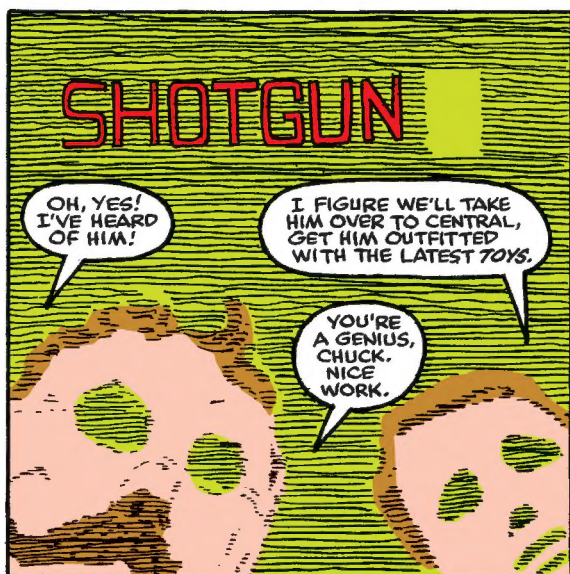
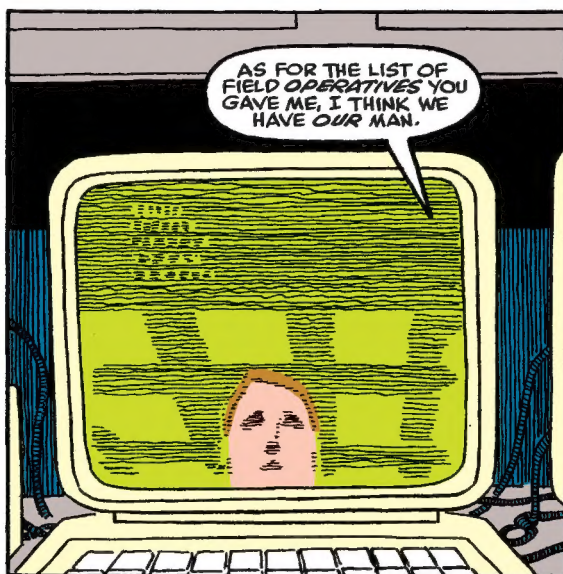
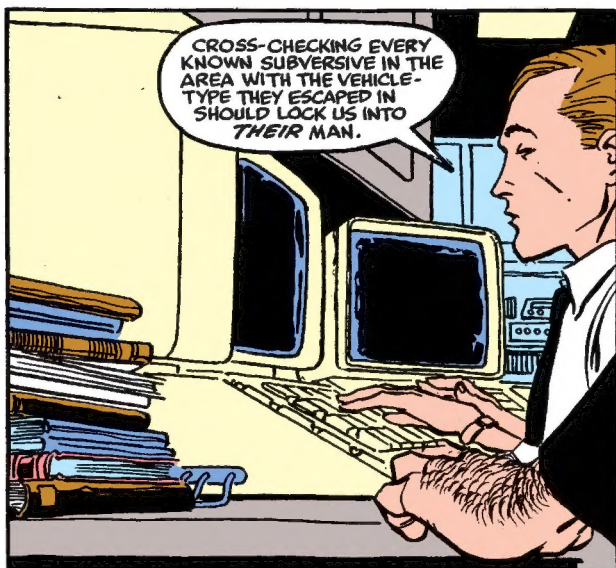
LOOK AT THOSE
NINES, STAMPED
ON HER LIKE A
COW BRAND!

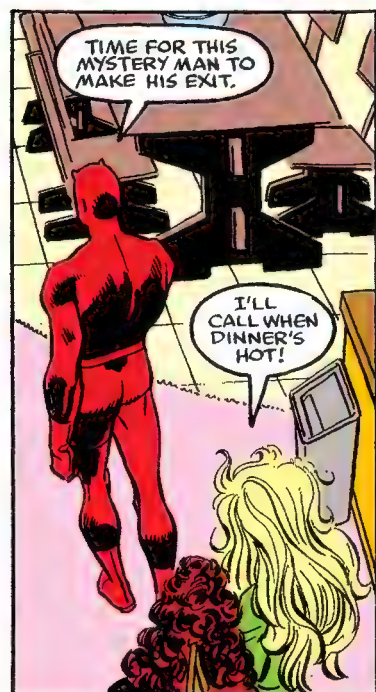
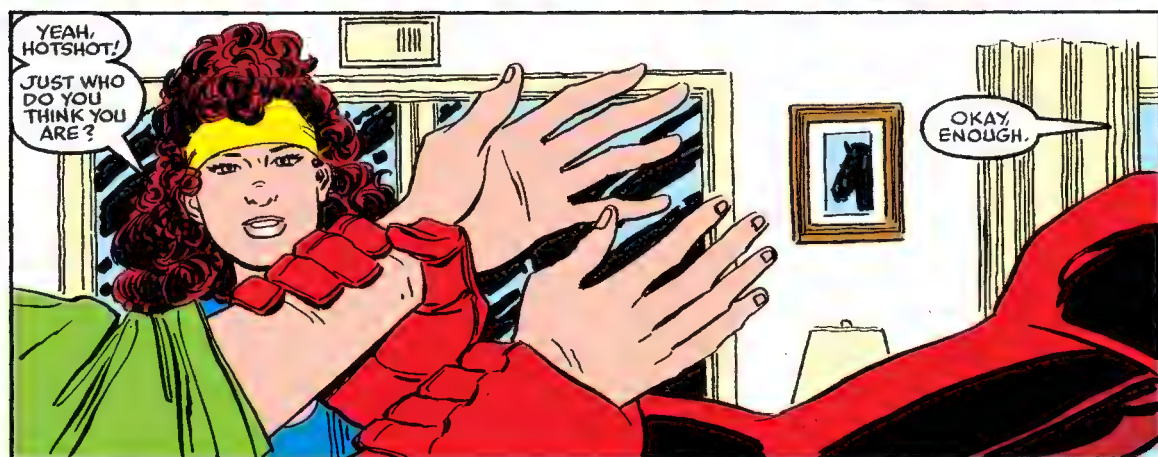


HELLO!
HAHA
HAHA!

WHAT STRANGE
LOOKS ON YOUR
FACES-- ARE THEY
FOR ME?

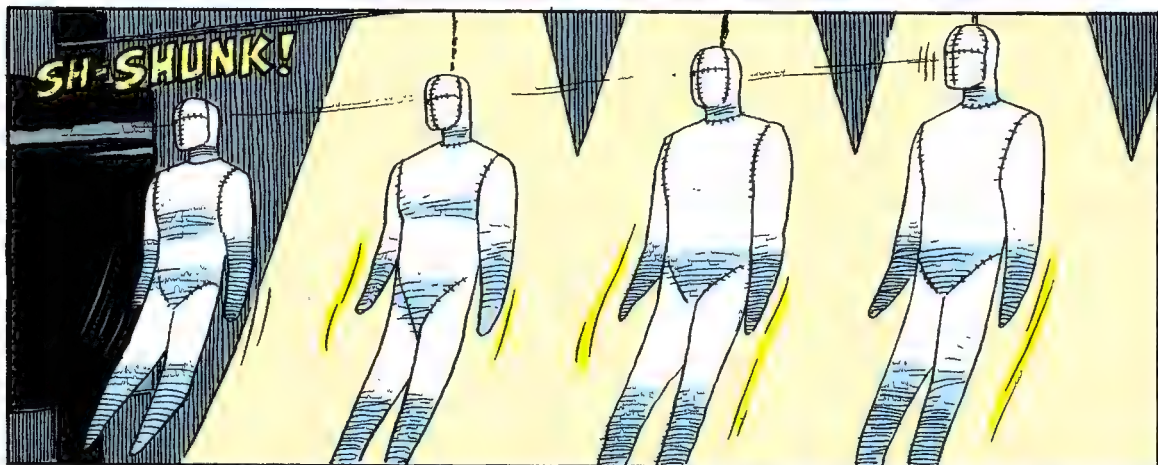




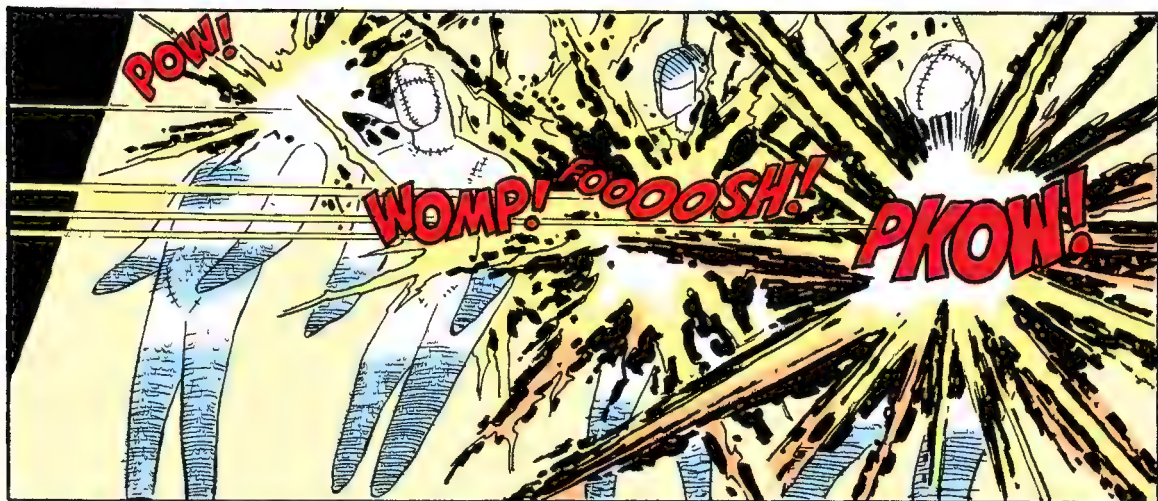


ELSEWHERE.

CLICK WRRRRRR



SH-SHUNK!



EXPLOSIVE,
CONCUSSIVE,
COMBUSTIBLE,
DISINTEGRATIVE.

THE WEAPON
EXECUTES ALL
FOUR, RAPID FIRE
SUCCESSION.

UH... GREAT.
BUT AREN'T WE
OVERDOING IT?

I'VE NEVER
SEEN SUCH A
CONTRAPTION!

WHAT'S
THIS GUN
COST?

WELL, SKIP--THIS IS AN IMPRESSIVE ITEM, 99% EFFECTIVE.

THE COST OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MERELY REFLECTS THE YEARS OF R&D WORK--

WHAT?! THAT'S OVERKILL!

WITH A GUN LIKE THAT, A MAN'S SKILL COULD GET LAZY, A MAN'S GOTTA RELY ON HIS FISTS, FOR THE DOWNTIME...

YOU NEED THIS GIZMO, SHOTGUN?

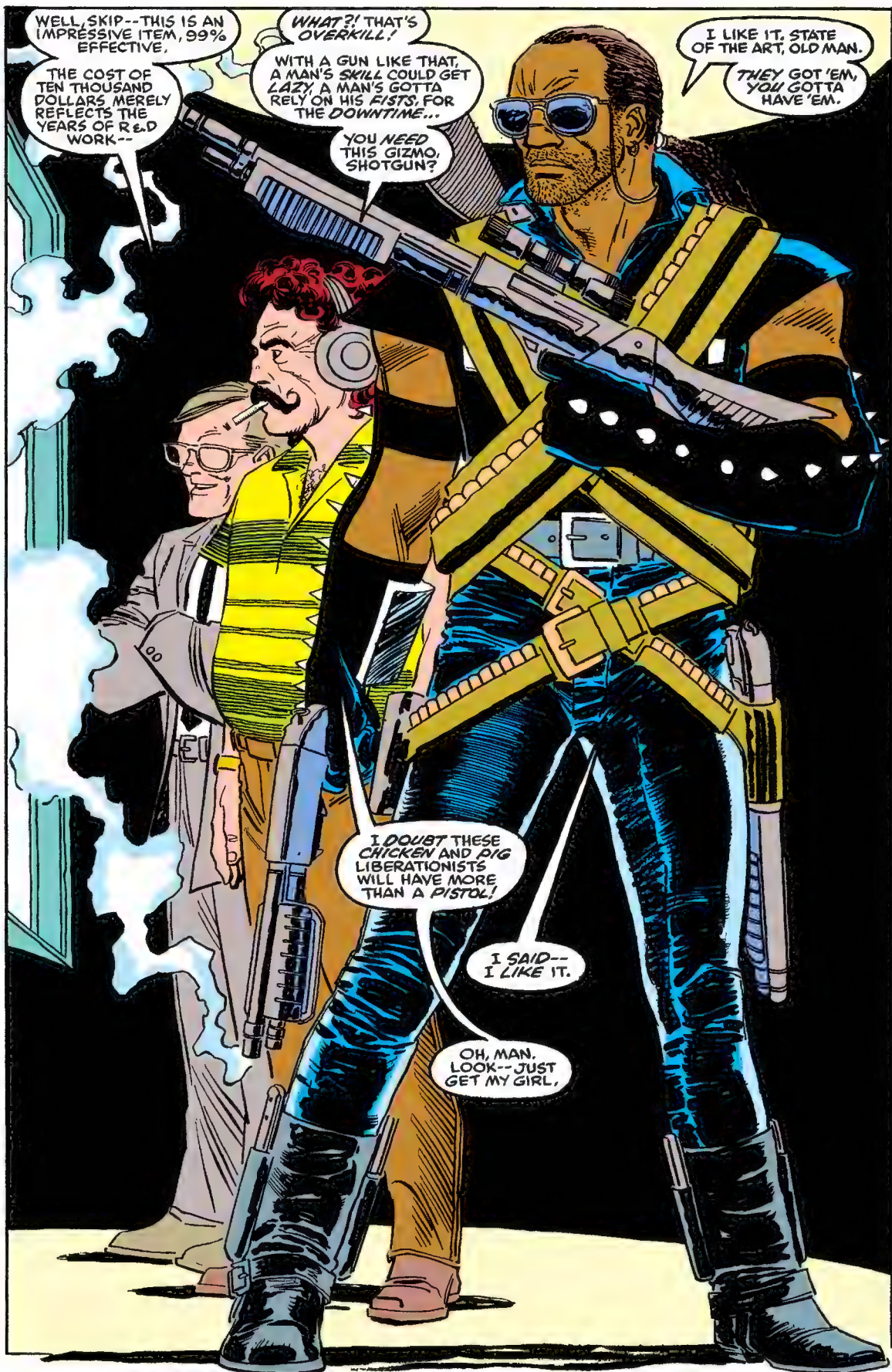
I LIKE IT. STATE OF THE ART, OLD MAN.

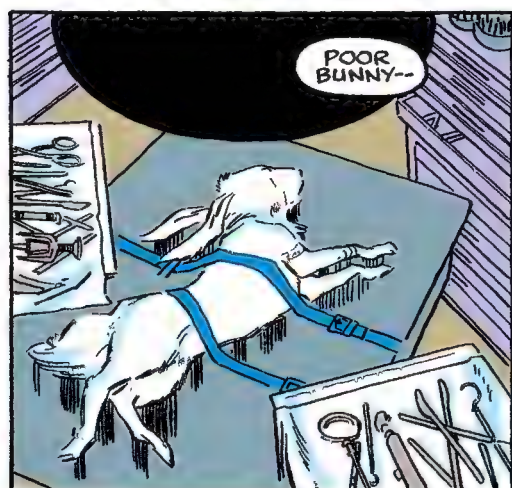
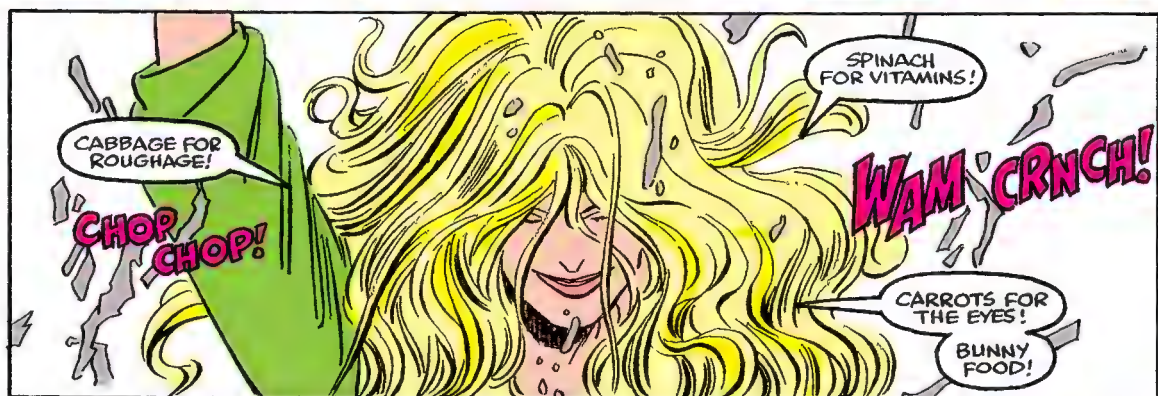
THEY GOT 'EM, YOU GOTTA HAVE 'EM.

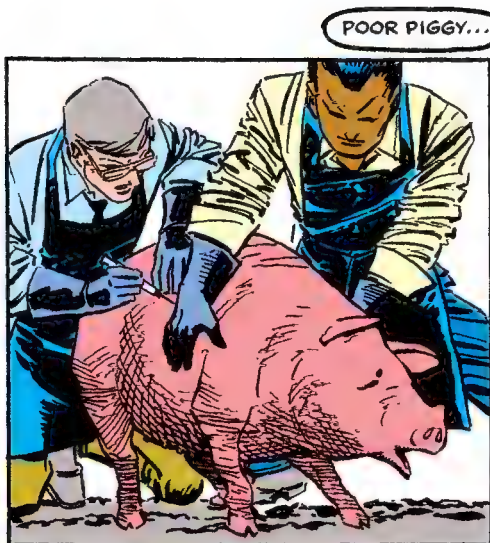
I DOUBT THESE CHICKEN AND PIG LIBERATIONISTS WILL HAVE MORE THAN A PISTOL!

I SAID-- I LIKE IT.

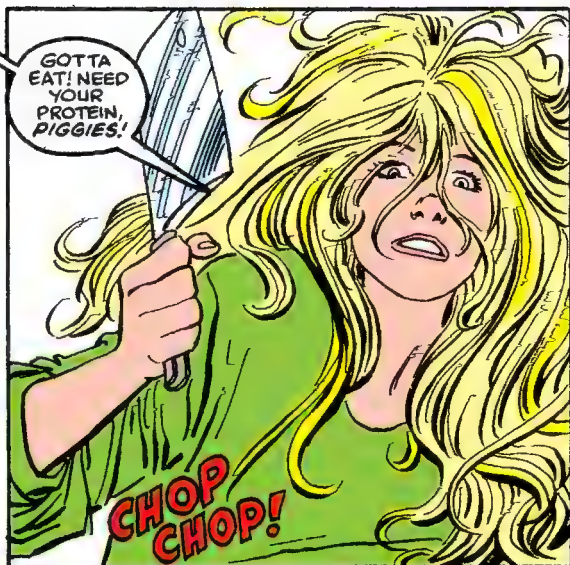
OH, MAN. LOOK-- JUST GET MY GIRL.







POOR PIGGY...



GOTTA EAT! NEED YOUR PROTEIN, PIGGIES!

CHOP CHOP!



WHY DID YOU HELP ME THEN? WHY ARE YOU AFTER MY FATHER?

BECAUSE... I STILL GO THROUGH THE MOTIONS. IF SOMETHING CRIMINAL HITS ME IN THE FACE, I FEEL COMPELLED, PROGRAMMED TO DO SOMETHING.

BUT I DON'T LOOK FOR IT. I AVOID TROUBLE.

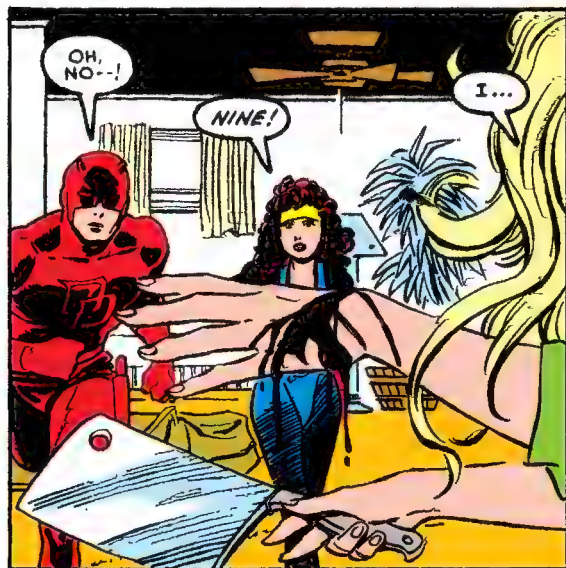
LOOK, DAREDEVIL-- I CAN STAND UP TO AND FIGHT ANYTHING -- EXCEPT MY FATHER. SO MAYBE IT'S TIME I DID JUST THAT. BECAUSE I DON'T WANT TO.



YOU THINK YOU'RE THE BIG ROMANTIC SOLITARY MAN, THE LONE WOLF ALL ALONE IN THE WORLD.

SO STAY HERE, WITH US, AND HELP US. BECAUSE YOU DON'T WANT TO. BECAUSE IT WOULD BE THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

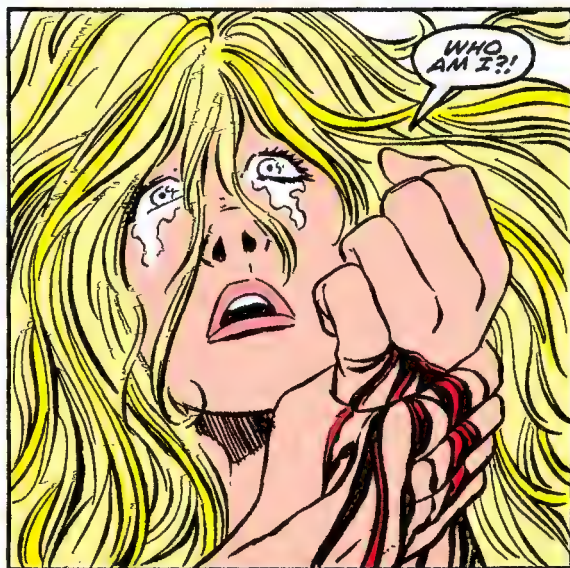
IYEEEEEE!



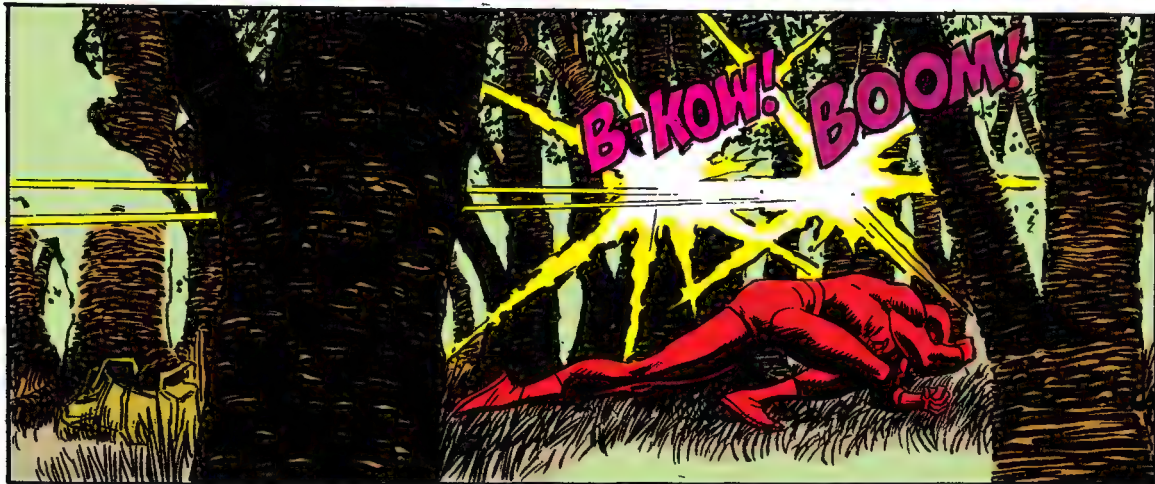
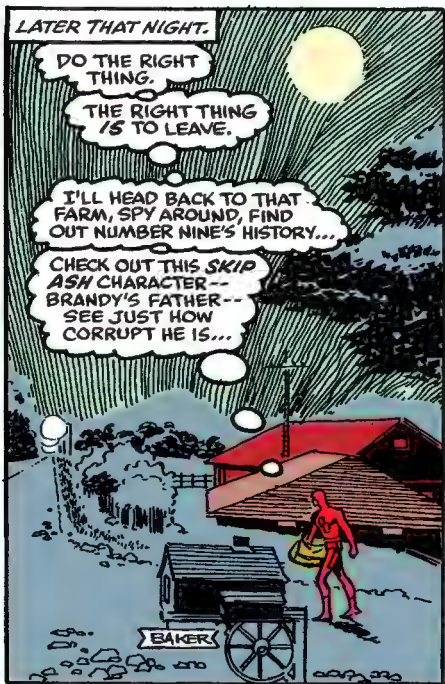
OH, NO--!

NINE!

I...



WHO AM I?!





THAT'S SOME
HIGH-TECH
ARTILLERY.



ONLY ONE
HEARTBEAT.
GOOD.

FOLLOW
IT TILL
MY RADAR
LOCKS
HIM--



THERE!

PACKING A
LOT OF METAL--
A RAMBO-TYPE.

BETTER TAKE
TO THE TREES.



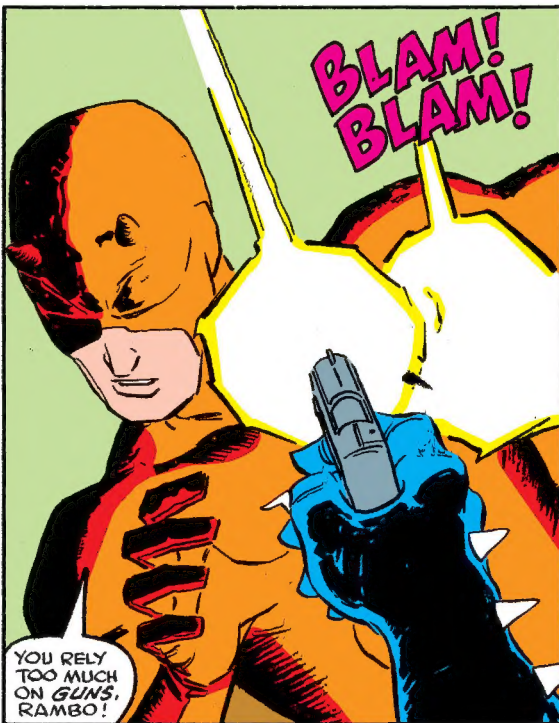
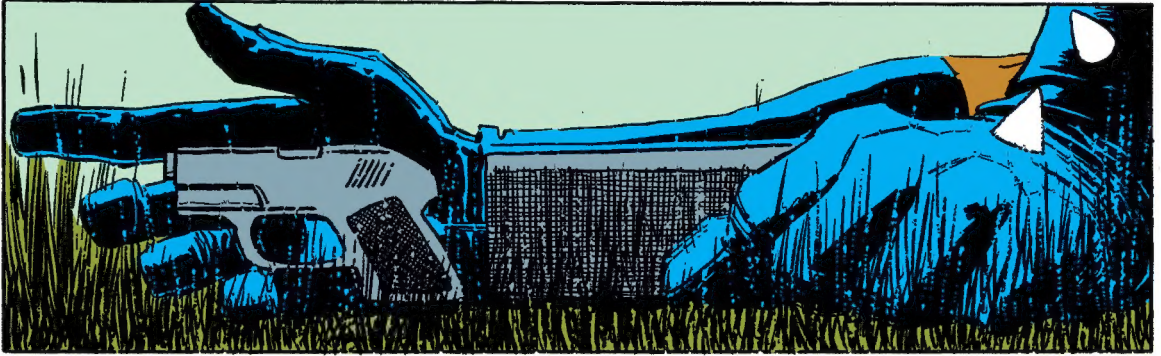
THE FOREST
IS STILL.

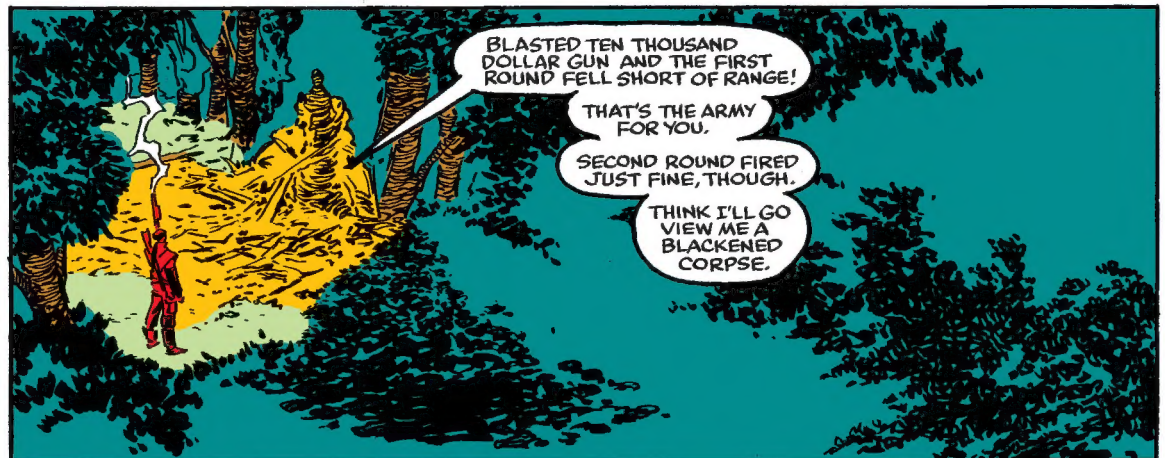
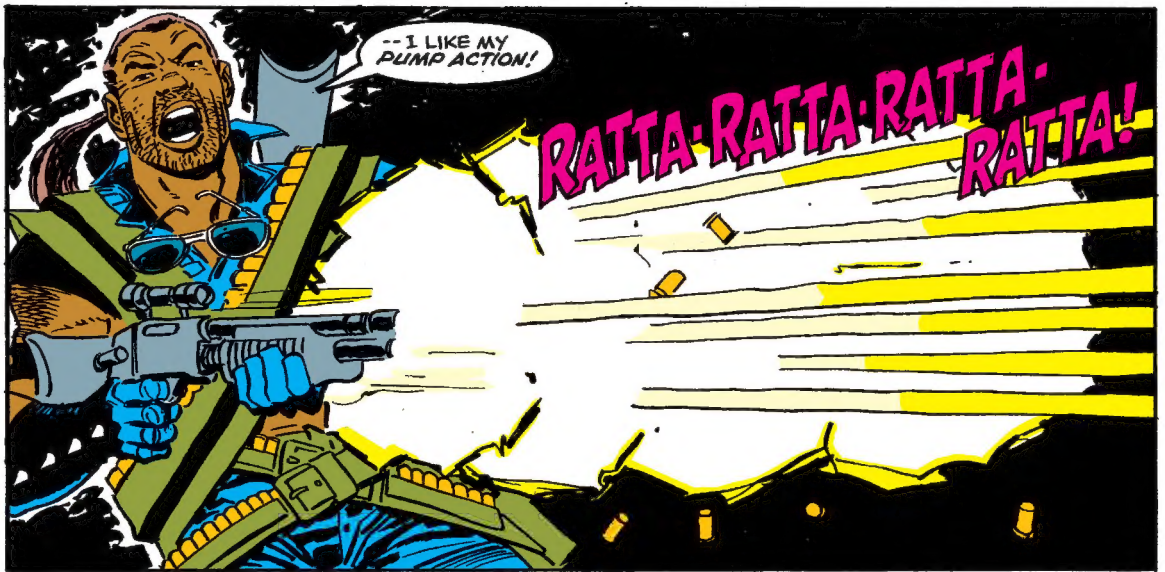
BOTH MEN
BARELY
BREATHE.



EACH CRUNCH OF GRASS,
EACH RUSTLING LEAF,
IS SUSPECT.







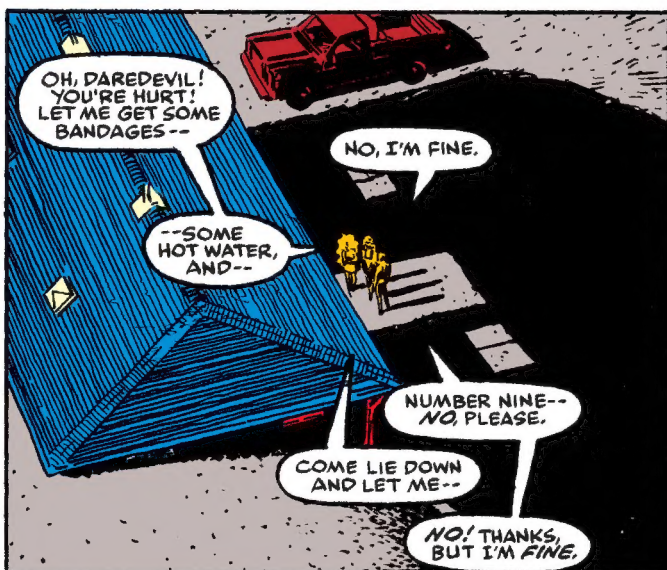




THIS AIN'T OVER! YOU STOLE GOVERNMENT PROPERTY!

SEND THE GIRL BACK, AND THIS'LL BE OVER!

IF NOT-- I'LL BE BACK!



OH, DAREDEVIL! YOU'RE HURT! LET ME GET SOME BANDAGES--

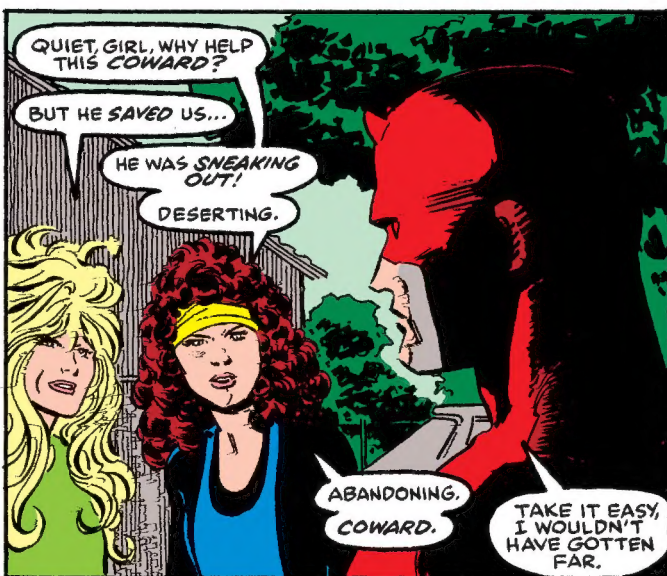
NO, I'M FINE.

--SOME HOT WATER, AND--

NUMBER NINE-- NO, PLEASE.

COME LIE DOWN AND LET ME--

NO! THANKS, BUT I'M FINE.



QUIET, GIRL. WHY HELP THIS COWARD?

BUT HE SAVED US...

HE WAS *SNEAKING OUT!*

DESERTING.

ABANDONING. COWARD.

TAKE IT EASY, I WOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.



OKAY, LISTEN. WE GOT TROUBLE.

WHOEVER THINKS THEY *OWN* THIS LITTLE GIRL HERE, WANTS HER *BACK*, AND I THINK ANYTHING IN THEIR WAY IS QUITE *EXPENDABLE*.

WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR WAR!

CONTINUED